Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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SCHOOL SONG.

BY JAMES S. COOLEY.

COME, playmates, gayly sing,
Let all our voices ring
In one glad song.
With hearts so young and free,
School-days will quickly flee;
Then lively now with me
The shout prolong.

May joy and happiness
Our onward pathways bless
Whate'er we do.
No weakness mar our might,
No darkness cloud our light,
But ever for the right
Be firm and true.

Each in our daily life
Waging untiring strife
Against the wrong.
Yielding no place to sin,
Asking no praise of men,
Striving a crown to win,
Loud swells our song.

Walking the narrow way,
Seeking for every day
Strength from above.
May we, when life is o'er,
Meet on heaven's happy shore
To serve Him evermore,
Whose name is Love.

SOPHIE SWEARINGEN.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

"THOU shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Sophie rattled off the commandment glibly. She was the show pupil in Mrs. Reed's Sunday-school class, and it was seldom that she hesitated in answering a Bible question.

Then the class were questioned in regard to their understanding of what was meant by taking the Lord's name in vain, and then Mrs. Reed preached quite a little sermon on the subject, the substance of which Sophie repeated to her mother when she went home.

"I know the girl Mrs. Reed had in her mind all the time," said she. "It was that coarse, horrid Hattie Auld, who thinks it is so awfully witty to call me 'Sophie Swear-again.' Swear indeed! Why, I shouldn't think of using the expressions that Hattie uses every day. She is always saying, 'My goodness!' and 'Thank goodness!' and 'Goodness gracious!' and 'O Lor!' and—I couldn't tell you what else besides; Mrs. Reed says such exclamations are not only dreadfully vulgar, but it is actually breaking the third commandment to use them. Now, I think Hattie is just as bad as her brother, who, Jessie Hart says, swears like a trooper. Jessie has heard him with her own ears."

"Well, fortunately, you wont have to answer for Hattie Auld's sins," returned Mrs. Swearingen. "And now suppose you take baby and amuse him till Susan comes home. He has been dreadfully wide-awake all the afternoon, and I have had the entire care of him, for Susan and Jane took Lillie off with them, and Mrs. Best has been lying down with a headache."

"Mrs. Best sick! Then I suppose I'll have to get the tea," sighed Sophie.

"No; she is better now, and has gone down to the kitchen. If you will take baby off my hands, I'll go up stairs and rest a little while."

"O, mamma, he musses up my dress so!" (and Sophie looked with some disfavor at the great rosy baby, so overflowing with vitality and animal spirits that the task of nursing him was no sinecure) "but I suppose if I must, I must. There!" exclaimed she, as the youngster began to whimper and stretch out his arms to go back to his mother, "I knew he wouldn't stay with me. He will do nothing but bellow and bawl if I try to hold him."

Mrs. Swearingen sighed.

"If you wont, you wont!" said she. "Come, baby; come up stairs with your mamma."

After her mother had left the room Sophie, feeling somewhat lonely, went to the melodeon in the back parlor, and began to sing hymns. She sang remarkably well for a girl of her age, and in consequence was inclined to give her family rather more music than they cared for, but her voice was much admired at Sunday-school and young peoples' prayer-meetings. She had just begun one of her favorite hymns, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," when there was a clattering at the door, and she was obliged to leave the melodeon to go and open it, letting in Mrs. Best with the tea-tray.

"Good laws a massy, child! Why haven't yer got the gas lit?" demanded the intruder. "I can't see my way to the table."

"I will light the gas, Mrs. Best," replied Sophie, with some dignity. "But I must tell you I think it is very wrong for you to break the third commandment as you do. You know, or may be you don't know, that 'Good laws a massy' is a corruption of 'Good Lord, have mercy;' and it is very improper to use it as an ordinary exclamation."

"Hoity, toity!" exclaimed Mrs. Best, who was only too fluent when once aroused. "Sich preaching comes well from you now, don't it? I s'pose you don't think you are taking the Lord's name in vain when you sit here squalling, 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' leaving that baby to plague its mother's life out of her up stairs! If I was your mother I'd have no patience with you."

Sophie had never been spoken to quite so plainly before. Mrs. Best, though only a working housekeeper, was a privileged character, and treated more as one of the family than as a servant. She always spoke her mind freely, and on this occasion, as on most others, she had the last word. Sophie stood for a moment dumfounded, and then, forgetting to light the gas, slipped out of the room and went up stairs.

"Give me the baby, mamma," said she, "and go down and get your tea. Mrs. Best has it ready in the back parlor."

The baby was disposed to resent his mother's leaving him, but in two minutes he was quite reconciled to his change of nurse, and was mussing Sophie's silk dress and nicely arranged hair in a way that, half an hour before, would have driven her wild. Mrs. Best's reproof, sacrilegious as her words were, had struck deeper than Mrs. Reed's afternoon preaching.

But the full meaning of the third commandment was not yet quite clear to Sophie. The next Saturday afternoon she accompanied Mrs. Reed to a missionary meeting, where she listened to a soul-stirring address from a returned missionary.

"O, you should have heard Mr. P—— this afternoon!" said Mrs. Reed to an acquaintance whom she encountered on the street soon after leaving the church. "We all felt that the Lord was with us while he was speaking."

"Mamma," said Sophie, when the Swearingen family were assembled at tea that evening, "you should have gone to hear Mr. P—— this afternoon. We all felt that the Lord was with us while—O, Lillie, you provoking child! You have just ruined my new dress! If you did not stuff yourself like a little pig, you wouldn't be dropping bread and butter over every thing as you do."

Lillie, who was an unusually nervous and sensitive child, hereupon left the table in tears. Mrs. Swearingen looked worried, and Mr. Swearingen remarked to Sophie:

"You did not bring the Lord home with you from the meeting, that's evident! And to my mind you would be a better Christian if you talked less about the Lord, and tried harder to be like him."

Sophie looked highly indignant for about two minutes, and then, rising, said,

"Mamma, if you will give me some cakes, Lillie and I will have a doll's party in the nursery."

It was not every day that Sophie, aged thirteen, condescended to play dolls with Lillie, aged ten; and the latter soon forgot her tears, and was in a high glee, eating more cake, perhaps, than was good for her; but this her mother was inclined to overlook in consideration of the pleasant turn that affairs had taken. It was evident that Sophie was growing dimly conscious that, in spite of her horror of profanity and vulgar exclamations, she, too, might sometimes be guilty of breaking the third commandment.

But there was a more complete awakening in store for her. During Mr. Swearingen's absence on a business trip his wife was suddenly summoned to the bedside of a dying friend, a day's journey from home. Mrs. Best was absent on a visit to her sister; Jane and Susan were both faithful servants, but they lacked wisdom and judgment, and the care of the household would therefore be laid on Sophie's young shoulders.

"You will not go to school, of course," said Mrs. Swearingen; "and you must be a mother to my baby, especially at night. Susan is such a sound sleeper that if baby were to have croup he might bark himself to death without ever waking her."

Sophie promised, and for the first day and night no mother could have been more devoted than she was to the two younger children. But the second day the tempter came in the shape of Lucy Reed.

"I have brought you a message from mamma," said she. "There are to be ever so many ministers at the prayer-meeting to-night; they have come from all parts of the country to attend Conference, and papa wishes them to hear some sweet solo singing. Miss Gates is away, but mamma says you sing quite as well as Miss Gates, and you must be sure to come this evening, and be prepared to make music. You know so many hymns that there wont be any trouble in making a selection."

The temptation was strong, and Sophie yielded.

"The baby wont dream of having croup!" she said to herself. "He slept like a log last night, and so he will to-night; but to make sure of it I'll give him soothing syrup. He loves Susan ever so much better than he does me, and he wont miss me in the least."

Having thus given her conscience a dose of soothing syrup, she dressed herself in her best—all eyes would be upon her when she began to sing—and went early to Mr. Reed's, and from there to the meeting. She thought the Bible reading and prayers rather tedious, but they were over with at last, and then she rose to sing, being accompanied on the melodeon by Mrs. Reed.

"I know not what awaits me," the singer began, and the words seemed prophetic, for before the hymn was concluded Jane appeared at the door, wildly gesticulating, and Sophie's quick ears caught the word "croup."

"I must go!" whispered she to Mrs. Reed; and a few moments later she was fairly flying along the street with Jane by her side. She stopped once, and that was in front of Dr. Smith's residence.

"Did Susan send you for the doctor?" she asked of Jane.

"No," was the reply. "Susan aint done nothing but walk up and down the room and cry."

The doctor was quickly summoned, and accompanied Sophie home.

"I wish I had been sent for an hour ago," said he, gravely, after examining the case. "This is something serious."

It *was* something serious—membranous croup of the worst description! The doctor remained all night, and neither that night nor the next did Sophie close her eyes. When Mrs. Swearingen returned home two days later she found the baby sound asleep and almost as well as ever, but Sophie, who held him in her lap, looked like death itself, she was so wretchedly pale and haggard. Her mother put her to bed, and nursed her through an attack of nervous prostration; when she rose from which she found her singing voice entirely gone. The doctor said that it was nothing uncommon at her age, and her voice might be restored in time, but Sophie shook her head.

"I believe the loss of my voice was intended as a punishment," said she. "It was to show off my voice that I left baby, and I sang the words of the hymn without thinking once of what I was saying. Mamma, I think I know now better than I used to what is meant by taking the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

A FABLE OF FUN.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

BILLY had been doing a great deal of mischief. Finding the garden gate accidentally left open he immediately passed through and ate off the tallest and brightest flowers, then, spying the rocking-horse on the front porch, he boldly ascended the steps and began chewing the mane, which was made of horse-hair. He had nearly finished it when he was discovered from the window, and was driven out of the garden with a great outcry and flourishing of sticks.

So, by means of a box, a barrel, and a board, he had climbed to his favorite place, the woodshed roof, and seemed to be dolefully meditating on his sins.

In a few moments two servants came out of the house, bearing between them a large clothes-basket. They went several rods back of the woodshed and emptied the basket, then returned to the house. Billy looked curiously at the heap, which was very indistinct at a distance, and, while wondering whether or not he should investigate the matter, the servants again came out and emptied the basket. Billy's curiosity was increasing rapidly, but he did not mean to be decoyed away from his favorite position by a trifle. So he waited undecided. For the third time the basket was brought out and emptied, and this proved too much for Billy. His inquisitiveness carried the day, and the moment the servants disappeared he descended from his height and approached the mysterious heap. He then discovered that the stuff so carefully carried

out was nothing but old rags. He was looking at them in great disgust when the children came running from the house crying in their loudest voices:

"Go away, Billy! Go away, Billy!"

Billy ran with all his might, but he did not climb upon the woodshed again, for he meant to return to the heap of rags at the earliest possible moment. As soon as the coast was clear back went the naughty fellow, only to be again driven away.

"Yes," he said to himself, "it is very plain they don't want this old stuff touched, so I'll have some fun with it."

When he came to the heap the third time he at once set to work greedily chewing the rags, looking cautiously around now and then to see if some one was coming. As he was not disturbed again, he stood thus munching and chewing until it was nearly dark and time for him to run into the barn for the night. When his supper was given him he found his stomach was so filled with rags that he could only eat a few mouthfuls.

"But it was great fun," he said to himself, as he stretched himself out on his bed of clean straw.

In the morning he awoke quite hungry, and soon made a hearty meal. But he had not forgotten the rubbish heap. He started out to take a look at it.

"It was such fun," he kept telling himself.

As soon as he came near it, as before, there was a rush from the house and the cries, "Go away, Billy."

Although he had not yet digested his breakfast, he told himself he could not miss so much "fun," and he ran back and again began to eat the rags. So it went on for nearly a week, until the rags were all gone, all eaten up by Billy. To be sure he had not eaten much else in that time, and, although he felt that a diet of rags would soon reduce him to a skeleton, yet he consoled himself with the thought that at least he had proved himself a match for the tyrants in the house. The sun was nearly down, and he stood on the woodshed thinking these things over to himself, and wondering if he could manage to eat any supper, when the "family cat," with whom he was on very good terms, came running near him.

"Good evening, Tabbie," said he. "Where have you been the last two or three days? I have been really lonesome without you."

"Well, sir, there has been so much fun going on in the house that I have stayed there as much as they would let me."

"Indeed! and what was the fun all about?"

"About you, sir."

"About me, indeed!" exclaimed Billy, wagging his long beard, and looking very indignant.

"Yes, sir; they had no end of fun watching you eat up the old rags that they threw away. They only drove you off to make you think you were in mischief. My mistress said she wished she had a few bushels more to throw out, for while you were eating rags you were not doing real mischief. And the coachman said it was cheap fodder for you. How's your stomach, anyway, respected sir?" and the cat purred with great glee as she walked softly away.

"To think," said Billy, "of all the good meals I have done without just to spite them when I was only spiting myself, and, as to the fun, it seems they are the ones who have had it, not me." And he came sulkily down from his height and walked slowly off to the barn.

I nearly forgot to tell you that Billy was a pet goat, not a boy. But, although boys don't eat rags, I think he acted very much like some boys that I have seen and heard of.

Of course this cannot mean *you*.

WELL to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign: "*Endure.*"
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure.—*Whittier.*

THE OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

WHAT pleasant memories cluster round these volumes old and worn
With covers smirched, and bindings creased, and pages thumbed and torn!
These are the books we used to con, I and poor brother Will,
When we were boys together, in the school-house on the hill.
Well I recall the nights at home, when side by side we sat
Before the fire, and o'er these books indulged in whispered chat,
And how, when father chided us for idling time away,
Our eyes bent to the task as though they'd never been astray.
The old-time proverbs scribbled here, the caution to beware
("Steal not this book, my honest friend"), scrawled roughly here and there,
The blurs, the blots, the luncheon spots, the numberless dog's ears,
The faded names, the pictures, and, alas! the stains of tears,
All take me back in mind to days when cloudless was the sky,
When grief was so short-lived I smiled before my tears were dry;
When, next to father's angry frown, I feared the awful nod
That doomed me, trembling, to advance and humbly kiss the rod.
How bright those days! Our little cares, our momentary fears,
And e'en our pains, evanished with a burst of sobs and tears,
And every joy seemed great enough to balance all our woe;
What pity then when griefs are real they can't be balanced so!
The school-house stands in ruins now, the boys have scattered wide,
A few are old and gray like me, but nearly all have died:
And brother Will was one of these; his curly head was laid
Down by the brook, at father's side, beneath the willow's shade.
These books so quaint and queer to you, to me are living things;
Each tells a story of the past, and each a message brings.
Whene'er I sit, at eventide, and turn their pages o'er,
They seem to speak in tones that thrilled my heart in days of yore.
The school-boy of to-day would laugh and throw these old books by:
But, think you, neighbor, could his heart consent if he were I?

—*R. W. McAlpine, in Christian Union.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER Miss Sally's simple funeral was over Jack went home with Mr. John Boyd, quite glad that Will, after a hurried hand-shake, made an excuse of business, asking his cousin to call at the store before he left town.

When Jack reached the dreary boarding-house he was taken up at once to see Aunt Hannah, who lay on her pillows thin to emaciation, pale almost as the aunt he had just seen shut into her coffin, and her weak voice interrupted by a constant little cough that told its own story. But she was very glad to see Jack, though more than once tears ran over her eye-lids as she looked at him; perhaps she saw and mourned over the contrast between the kindly, frank young face, beaming upon her with real affection, and the pinched, sour visage of the boy she had borne and petted and waited on, only to be neglected by him on her death-bed. She had sowed tares, she was now reaping tares; but Manice had put

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into the fields, over which the Lord had set her, only good wheat. Her children were respected and loved by all who knew them.

O mothers! if you really loved the children God has given you, *would* you, *could* you, so indulge and spoil them that every inmate of your family, every relative of their own, every visitor who enters your doors, would regard them as a nuisance and a torment? I have in mind at this moment a house where there is such a living terror that I have heard family friends say openly they would accept no invitations to visit that relative; they could not endure the presence and conduct of that child. If "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," why cannot we do likewise?

After Jack had been with his Aunt Hannah a little while, and told her some pleasant and cheerful things about his occupation in the city, he saw that she was tired, and went down stairs into the dingy little parlor where his uncle waited for him. He found Mr. Boyd with his head dropped on his arms on the table. He, too, had been overcome with bitter disappointment and accusing memory as he saw Jack and Will side by side at his aunt's grave. He went back to that day, so long ago, when Manice had said, after the Thanksgiving dinner, that her boy must learn self-denial. He saw now how it had strengthened a nature too much like the dead father's, and made within the boy a strength and manliness utterly wanting in his own son, who had never known an ungratified wish or been controlled in any manner, but he said not a word. He rose and wrung Jack's hand.

"Uncle John, are not you ever coming to the city to see me?" the boy asked, as much to break the silence as because he expected his uncle to come.

"Not at present, my lad. If ever I am sent there on business I shall surely look you up. But I don't do much pleasure-traveling now."

Jack looked at him with pitiful eyes. Was this weak, placid, poorly dressed man the strong, florid, cheery gentleman he had admired and loved from his boyhood? Was this the result of living to one's self rather than to God and man? Perhaps he would not have had this thought, but that he had heard a man at the funeral just over remark to another on Mr. John Boyd's broken-down look, and the other's answer:

"Yes, you can't eat your cake and have it too. John Boyd has spent when he had, and now he hasn't got it to spend."

An odd verdict, Jack thought. But its very want of grammar fixed it in his mind. He knew that his uncle was nominally a Christian, but not practically; there is a vast difference, and Jack was finding it out.

But he could not stay long. There were affection, sympathy, and regret in his face and grasp as he bade his uncle good-bye, and went back to his mother's house, for he must take the night train.

"Now, mammy," he said, "you'll move back into your old room, and have a 'spar'-room' again, as Mimy calls it. No more boarders for you, ma'am! The girls and I will see to that."

"O, Jack, I want to talk to you about a plan. You know, dear, that poor Aunt Hannah has but a very little while to live. The doctors count the days now, and it does seem as if there would be no place for Uncle John then but here. You wont object to my giving him the aunts' rooms?"

Jack looked at his mother with his heart in his eyes.

"Please, Mrs. Manice," he began, in Mimy's very tone, "isn't there nothin' in creation you wont do for every body?"

Manice laughed.

"Don't brandish your double negatives at me, Jackeymo! I never taught you to go further in negation than one 'no.'"

"And I don't know where I should have been by this time, my mammy, if I had not learned that. No wonder I want to double it up now and then; but, seriously, it seems to me as if you needed plenty of rest, and your own old sunny room again. If you have Uncle John here, why can't he take my old room where you are now? and why does he need a parlor?"

"My dear, I would not give him any thing but the best I have. When people have come down in the world, Jack, they get pretty sensitive to small things. I want to help poor John's self-respect, it has had so many shocks that even so little a matter as that he has the best room in the house will please him; and it is a great deal for him to have a sitting-room of his own where he can get away from every one. A woman always has her bedroom for that purpose, but a man never likes it. I think every one needs to be entirely by himself sometimes. If Christ went so often 'apart' and 'alone,' in his divine humanity, why should not mere human beings need a little solitude? I think they always do."

"Well, ma'am, I give it up. You carry too many guns for me, always, Mrs. Boyd. I own beat."

Manice kissed him, and he went to bid his sisters good-bye, wondering, as he looked back from the door at their frank, fair young faces, if ever they would be like their mother.

Happy Manice! Her harvest had begun.

All the way back to the city Jack was contriving how he could manage to buy for his mother a warm cloak. He did not want to lessen his quarterly remittance to her, which he knew helped her to live without the rigid economy she had been forced to practice while her children were young, and now she needed it more than ever, for the aunts' annuities had died with them, and the good price they had paid for their board had been Manice's great resource, and now that was gone.

Jack had meant to get himself a new winter overcoat. The old one was not ragged or thin as yet, but it was certainly shabby, and Jack, like most young men, liked to be well and neatly dressed. It is the right thing to like—if it is not overliked. To use this world as not abusing it is as much a Christian's privilege as a sinner's; but the trouble is when and where to stop.

Jack's dress was limited by his purse, and Manice had trained him in such a horror of debt that no suave and solicitous tailor ever had persuaded him to have a garment "charged." If he could not pay for it he went without it, and so spared his spirit many a heavy load that he knew not of by experience.

Now, he considered whether that old coat could not be restored at least to decency. He had heard tales of wonderful scourers and dyers who "made auld claes luik amaist as weel's new" at comparatively small price, and he resolved to carry his ancient garment to the most noted of such repairers as soon as he could. But there would be no time to-night, to-morrow night was prayer-meeting, the next night a reading for the benefit of the Sunday-school of his church.

The coat could wait, and luckily it had to, for the third day after his return he had a long letter from Anne telling him that in putting the aunts' rooms in order preparatory to their cleaning and repainting, they had found in Aunt Sally's table-drawer a short will, written since Aunt Maria's death, in which the two handsome Paisley shawls belonging to the aunts were left to their two nieces, as well as their watches and chains; Aunt Sally's serviceable cloth cloak, almost new, fell to Mimy, while Aunt Maria's best black silk, crape shawl, and seal-skin jacket were given to Manice. "And isn't it good about the seal jacket," wrote Anne; "we've just found out, thanks to Mimy, that mother meant to go without a new cloak this year; she has helped Aunt Hannah so much. Mimy calls it the 'mantle of charity.' 'Tis so,' she says, 'it'll cover up them pecooliar ways of Miss Mari's clean out o' sight. I vum, I'm 'most a mind to pray for her ef she is dead; seein' Miss Sally don't need it!' We like our watches too, Jack; they are really useful, and though Alice and I had been laying up a little here and there as we could spare

it, to buy us silver watches, we had begun to think it was slow work. But the sack for mother was best of all. And O, I forgot, the dear old aunty had a dozen new shirts for you, all made and marked, ready to be washed. Mimy will do them up and send them."

But even this small bequest was not to be quite peaceful. There is some trouble, some ill-feeling always about a will, however little it leaves, and Will Boyd chose to feel aggrieved that his aunt's family profited by the few things Miss Sally left. He blustered a good deal, and even threatened to break the will on the ground of undue influence, but he could not get a lawyer in the place to undertake so absurd a case; so he let the matter drop as soon as he clearly saw that his share of the spoils would not even pay for the prosecution of the suit. Happily Mrs. Manice never heard of her nephew's project. Mimy did, but kept it from the family, contenting herself with the contemptuous remark to her informant,

"Well, I aint, so to say, surprised a mite. That feller's as small as a poppy-seed, and he's growing smaller every day; ef his soul was shut up in a hazel-nut shell 'twould rattle round when you shook it. My land! I b'lieve he'd make a suit out o' his old coffee-bags if they wa'n't scratchy, rather 'n spend a cent on good clothes. He can't never sell *his* soul to nobody, 'tisn't worth havin'."

About a week after this letter from Anne, one morning Mr. Gray asked Jack to come into the directors' room a moment, as he wanted to speak to him. Jack assented cheerfully. He had a "conscience void of offense," and dreaded nothing from the interview. But Mr. Gray had not asked him in to find fault with him.

"Jack," said he, "in view of the frequent bank robberies about the country, our directors have resolved to get some one to sleep in the bank. Frank cannot be spared from home, his mother is a widow and he her only child, and Mr. Jones is about to be married. We could hire a man, but prefer some one whom we know. If you will do it, we will pay you three hundred dollars a year for the service. What do you think about it?"

Jack's eyes sparkled, then they grew dark; he thought of his mother.

"Mr. Gray," he said, "I'd like to do it first-rate. I'd just like to catch 'em in here, sir! But I think I ought to ask mother."

"So you ought, my lad; it is her right. I don't deny that there may be some risk encountered, but there may not be any, either. A city bank is less likely to be entered than one in the country. But write at once and ask your mother; tell her you will sleep in the directors' room, where we shall put in a cabinet-bed for you. And we shall provide you with a revolver, and have you taught to use it; but perhaps you'd better not mention that, eh?"

"I guess I'll tell her every thing. I always do," said Jack.

So shortly after he received this letter.

"Dear Jack: I want you to decide for yourself about sleeping in the bank. You understand the matter better than I can, and you are old enough to have your own opinions and act on them. I will acquiesce in whatever you feel is right. One thing, if it should ever happen that you need to use a revolver anywhere, in the bank or not, be cool and careful. Do not take life if you can help it; you can disable a man effectually without killing him. And it is an awful thing to send a sinful soul into God's presence without a moment for penitence or prayer. I say again, my boy, I trust you to decide. Your very loving mother,

"Manice Boyd."

Jack gave the letter to Mr. Gray, who read it, and then looked up at him.

"Well?" he said.

"I have decided to come," said Jack.

[*To be continued.*]

Never does a man betray his own character more vividly than in the manner of portraying another.—*Richter.*

AMONG THE "STAG-HORNS."

BY MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

High up on a spur of the Blue Ridge lived little M'lissy and Dominicus Teague. Their home was a rude log cabin, far from neighbors, yet they were as happy and blithe as thrushes in the spring. Their father had been sick a long time, and little Dommy, as he was called, was the man of the family. He was barely fourteen and M'lissy twelve.

Little by little Mrs. Teague had eked out their small savings through the winter and spring till now there was scarcely any thing to eke out.

The patch of ground, whereon buckwheat and potatoes had been raised year after year, was sterile and rocky and looked very unpromising for the propagation of the few seeds and vegetables Dommy had had the perseverence to put into it.

How they were to live became a vexing problem to the Teagues, from the father down to little M'lissy. But one day in June Dommy went over to Joe Brown's cabin across the ravine and over the Ridge, one mile distant, and when he came away his head was filled with an idea—such a happy one, too, that he was obliged to run nearly all the way home, down hill and up hill, to communicate the same to M'lissy. She was his *confidante* in all things.

Then for several days there were sly whisperings and knowing looks, and much tinkering and pounding in the oak hollow just back of the cabin where Dommy had a little workshop made of four poles set up in the ground with a roof of bark and boughs.

The result of all this was an odd-looking cart, indeed—a pair of wheels of different sizes, found about the ruins of an old blacksmith shop wherein Mr. Teague had once tinkered ancient vehicles and sharpened tools for his mountain neighbors—set upon a rough axle, with two poles for thills, of Dommy's own rude fashioning.

Upon this, pinned with wooden pegs, was a body made from odds and ends of boards picked up about the hen-house. For greater depth four stout stakes had been strongly fastened upright in its corners, and several set up between, along the sides and ends, then withes were woven in and out, making it tight and strong.

The children were delighted with the cart, and drew it back and forth and made little experimental runs and journeys. To be sure, the wheels wobbled a good deal and the body was "sidling," on account of the different sizes of the wheels, but it seemed strong enough for their use.

They often went into the woods to hunt partridges, sometimes were gone all day, and now with a coarse lunch and some baskets the children started off for the "stag-horn" groves, which covered large tracts along the rocky mountain sides, taking their cart along with them.

As they trudge along, Dommy between the thills and M'lissy pushing sturdily behind and steadying the cart as it bounced and jolted over the stony, narrow ways, we will explain the object of the journey.

The "stag-horn," as it is locally termed, is a species of sumach growing abundantly all through the Virginia mountain region, and the gathering and curing of its leaves has become of late an industry of considerable value among the more thrifty of the mountaineers. Its use is in the dyeing of leather and calicoes, in retaining the deep coloring of the black-oak bark used in tanning the leather and holding any dyes in which cloths are colored, by first dipping them in a sumach solution. Formerly all the sumach was imported from Sicily, and the Sicilian sumach still commands the higher price, although the American leaf is the richer in tannic acid, because the peasants of that country, from longer experience, have learned to gather and cure it with greater neatness, letting no grit get among the leaves, the least speck of which, the manufacturers assert, makes a flaw in the leather.

The sumach gathered in Virginia finds a market in Rich-

mond and in the morocco factories of Wilmington, Del., and it is hauled by the hardy mountaineer in his rough, ancient vehicle, sometimes fifty and sixty miles, to some convenient shipping point, where one dollar per hundred weight is received for it well cured; and at that price the gathering of this wild product of nature is vastly more remunerative to the dwellers in the mountains than tilling the barren, rocky mountain sides or even raising grain or tobacco in the valleys, for a moderate gatherer can strip off enough leaves in a day that, when cured, will weigh three hundred pounds, and an expert, it is said, will gather five hundred pounds. Even the children can strip as dexterously as their elders.

But the season for work is short, for at the coming of the first frost the leaves are useless.

What is very favorable, however, the bushes remain luxuriant until the leaves have been stripped many seasons, when they begin to die down. Then, if the mountaineer has a large supply to gather from, he leaves it and goes to fresh fields, but if he has small and few groves he husbands his resources. He borrows a horse and "bull-tongue"—a long, narrow, pointed plow—from his wealthier neighbor, and runs it ruthlessly among the bushes, tearing the roots asunder. This seemingly harsh treatment is exactly what the sumach needs, for fresh shoots and sprouts spring up from the mangled roots the next season, bearing leaves richer and ranker than ever, and then a plentiful harvest is reaped.

When Dommy had visited Joe Brown the latter was just preparing to begin a season at the new business—new in that section at least—of sumach picking. He had got his ideas from a mountaineer living farther "out," who was in the habit of strolling about the region far and wide and gathering all the news and information worth knowing, communicating the same to those far back in the mountains and not in a position to learn for themselves. Occasionally he went to Richmond, and then a steady current of news pervaded the whole mountain region for months after.

Joe Brown, out of the kindness of his heart, and knowing well the extremities in which the Teagues were placed, had promised Dommy to take all he cured, as he passed along to market, and sell it with his own.

Here was indeed an opening for their relief, and the little Teagues made good use of it.

The first day M'lissy and Dommy came home at sunset with their cart piled high with the glossy dark-green leaves. It was all a mystery to good Mrs. Teague what those worthless "stag-horns" could be good for, and several explanations were necessary from Dommy's glib tongue before she could believe it was any thing but a joke.

The hot days followed swiftly, one after the other, and each saw M'lissy and Dommy busy among the "stag-horns." Their faces were as brown as beech leaves in autumn, and their hands were browner yet, deeply stained and furrowed from stripping the rough shrubs. Sometimes their mother went out with them, then their day's gain was a fine one indeed.

Thus they garnered the whole summer through, and now it was approaching the last of September. But a few more days remained of the picking season. Already far away in the river valley the first faint breath of the frost had tinged the green leaves and was creeping steadily, slowly up the lower spurs of the ridge; anon it would reach the dwellers on the mountains and their work of gathering would be over for the year.

The children strove harder than ever, knowing that their harvest would so soon be cut off, and every day they were out by dawn. But at last an incident happened to them which for a time kept Dommy a prisoner at home.

A storm had been threatening since early morning, and after noon a sudden squall struck the deep ravine near the top of which the children were hard at work. In their preoccupation it had approached unobserved, and came down with such suddenness and violence that they were glad to hunt for shelter. But that was not so easily found. They had left their cart in the steep mountain road some distance above, and still clinging to the big baskets they scrambled as best they might over narrow ledges and stones that, loosened by their feet, went bounding and crashing to the bottom of the ravine.

Fortunately, or unfortunately as it proved, Dommy espied an opening between two high ledges just ahead of them and, bidding M'lissy follow him, he scrambled half-blinded along the shelf of rock in the pouring rain and darted into it, hoping it might prove a dry shelter for themselves and leaves.

But it had been appropriated, probably early in the day, and when Dommy, shouting and panting, tumbled unceremoniously inside he waked the occupant from a very sound nap.

"*Spit-t-t! Spit-t-t! Gurr-r-r-r!*"—*Whizz!*

Something big and furry, and all over claws it seemed, bounced with such force against Dommy's stomach that it instantly upset his equilibrium. He clutched at the thing frantically to save himself, and in a moment the boy, grappling the furry creature in his arms, tumbled out of the hole much quicker even than he had tumbled in, and in the midst of a sharp tussle rolled off over the steep ledge with loose stones and dirt rattling after him amid the pouring rain and flying leaves. The next moment boy and beast struck at the bottom of the ledge among the rocks. But fortunately the beast fell beneath and took the full brunt of the shock, the big, heavy boy dropping down full upon it with such a plunge that stretched it helpless and stunned upon the stones, and doubtless saved Dommy severe injuries.

As it was, the lad was a good deal bruised and bleeding from long scratches the creature had given him, and it was some minutes before he was recovered sufficiently to crawl back up the ravine with M'lissy's assistance, dragging after him the beast, which he had dispatched with a club.

It proved to be a wild-cat, an animal quite abundant in that region, that had its den in the ledge and was sleeping through the day preparatory to its night's marauding.

Dommy thought it the one which had been stealing what few chickens they had been able to rear through the summer, and great was his delight at its extermination.

This incident finished up "stag-horn" gathering that fall.

The children had gathered and hauled to the cabin in their tipsy little cart enough cured leaves to bring more than seventy dollars, or, with economy, sufficient to support the whole family in comfort, with what was raised on the rocky land, till the spring.

Father and mother Teague could scarcely believe it when Dommy and M'lissy laid this big sum before them, nearly all earned by their own small hands, and very proud and delighted were they at this proof of their industry, perseverance, and foresight.

RUNNING AWAY.

'Twas almost noon, one summer day,
When little Trottie ran away;
Bare-headed, shy, she would not stop
Until she reached her father's shop.

"Did mamma send you, baby dear?"
"No, sir; an' she don't know I'se here."
"O Trottie, what will mamma say
To think her baby runs away?"

Trottie looked up with grave surprise
And wonder in her baby eyes;
She seemed to think her father mocked—
"Why, no, I didn't run, I walked!"

Each day, each week, each month, each year, is a chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden unspeakable gift which each new day offers you.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

Nature fits all her children with something to do.—*Lowell.*

AN OPENED GATE.

BY ELEANOR EVERETT.

"THE world is all gates." It was Emerson who said it, and it was Madge Hardy who held a volume of the "Letters and Social Aims" in her hand and read the words with rather a puzzled expression on her face.

It was cold in the room where Madge sat, and it had a general air of faded respectability; and Madge paused, with her finger on the sentence which had attracted her attention, to gaze at every detail of the general seediness, then turned to the window and soliloquized.

"That is a very pretty thought, and I suppose it must be very comforting to a good many people—the cheerfully inclined any way. Of course it means our opportunities, and that if we possess the necessary energy and perseverance we may open every gate that marks the road to success. But, then, gates are meant to *shut in* as well as to open out into the highway, aren't they? And so as there are gates whose hinges have grown rusty—like the one we came to down in the meadow the day we went berrying—and others too heavy for single hands to pull back, so there are gates of circumstance equally hard to open; if one could only climb over or even crawl under!"

You see Madge Hardy was a little bit discouraged, and saw no gate of fortune in the range of her mental vision which would open by some magic "*sesame*" and let her wander out into some pleasanter paths.

The Hardys were a very numerous family. "I really have to stop and count them sometimes," Mr. Hardy would answer, laughingly, when questioned as to the number of his children; but though times were always hard and their wants were often denied, it was such a dear, kind-hearted father, who would have given them the moon if that were possible, that they never thought of complaining.

Madge was the second daughter; she was sixteen now, and had just graduated from the grammar-school, and she wanted O! so much, to go away to school for a year or two. She was fond of study for its own sake, but she wanted most of all to be a help, not a burden, to her parents, and so if she could only be fitted to teach she might be a help in that way. Some of her school-mates were going away soon, too, to a boarding-school in an adjacent town, and so she had with much doubt of success unfolded her plan to her father, hoping it might be accomplished in some way, and there was something very like a tear in the father's eye as he explained to her how very impossible it would be, notwithstanding his willingness to please her.

But Madge had no more time to devote to Emerson on this particular afternoon, for mother and Jane were making aprons, and it was her turn to get tea; but she could think about it while she was setting the table and making the toast.

It was October, now, and she was no nearer the fulfillment of her plan than she was in June; but she knew more about sweeping and making cake and mending stockings than she had ever known before.

"Here is a letter, mother," Mr. Hardy said, that night, when he had been kissed by half a dozen small mouths and had gotten little Jack's arms from around his neck. "I guess it's from Aunt Susan, by the post-mark." And it did prove to be from Aunt Susan, Mrs. Hardy's older sister, who lived in Maine, and it contained a proposition which made Mrs. Hardy very thoughtful and quiet until all the children had gone to bed and she was alone with her husband.

Then they re-read the letter together, and the substance of it was that Susan's rheumatism was so much worse that she was not able to get about the house, and she wanted one of James's girls to come and stay with her for the winter.

"Let her hire a girl, then," said Mr. Hardy, impatiently, when he had finished reading. "I would not ask a daughter of mine to spend three or four months in that dreary place to please a half bed-ridden old woman, who cared more about her pocket-book than she did about all her relations put together."

But his wife looked at the matter in a different light. Poor Susan *was* dreadfully close; she remembered how when she was a girl at home she had been so in little ways, which had only made the others laugh. But from disliking to lend her gloves and ribbons, and carefully saving her spending-money instead of buying little gifts for the other members of the family, Susan Gaylor had grown into a woman who held her purse-strings so tight that no one who knew her ever thought of appealing to her for charity.

But still Susan had "done better" than any of her brothers and sisters, for she had married a man of wealth, and was now a widow with very ample means, which she did not consider a means of benefit or happiness for others.

Now Mrs. Hardy was any thing but a scheming woman, but it would seem like flying in the face of Providence, as it were, not to please this wealthy childless woman, and people in humble circumstances were in duty bound to consider every and all possible means of advancement.

And so, as she soon decided that she could spare Madge best, it was all arranged before she herself knew any thing about it. Poor Madge looked with any thing but pleasure upon this disposal of herself for the winter, but she was too wise to say much. "If things only happened as they do to people in books," she said to herself, as she packed her small trunk, "this might lead to the opening of some gate in my good fortune; but I cannot see even a hinge of possibility about this winter with Aunt Susan." How she hated at the very last to leave the little, busy, loving home, and what a contrast it was to her new abode! The large old farm-house was strangely quiet and orderly, and Aunt Susan, who sat all day in a stuffed rocker with her feet on a little stool and a warm rug thrown over them, rarely entered into conversation except in the ordering and directing of the affairs for the day.

One old servant was the only other member of the family, but Aunt Susan managed to find something to keep Madge busy most of the day, for, when there was nothing else to be done, there were always rags to be cut and sewed together for mats, for which Aunt Susan had a decided passion, and the weekly papers must be read aloud to her.

But Madge was a girl when once fairly in for a thing to make the best of it, and having still some leisure and finding plenty of books in an unused room, she managed to spend some of her time pleasantly as well as profitably.

"I wish you could see W——," she wrote to Jean, when she had found time to look about a little. "It looks like the 'jumping off' place, and it is over a mile to church and what they call the village; that is, the parsonage, the post-office, a store, and about a dozen houses. It is so quiet, too; one might fancy it to be always Sunday."

Still Madge enjoyed the walk to the village every week for the letters and papers; and Aunt Susan, being very particular about church observances, Tom, the neighbor's boy who took care of the somewhat antiquated horse and did the "chores," drove her to church every Sunday. Otherwise the days at W—— were spent in almost uninterrupted solitude; but the time passed quickly, for Madge was busy preparing little presents for each one at home, making the most of the scanty material to be found at the village store, although she was not sparing of pains in doing them.

And Aunt Susan remarked that she did not see the use of making Christmas presents; she never did herself, nor did she want any, for people expected something in return, and so it was not a gift anyway.

She accepted the pretty Roman shoulder-scarf, notwithstanding, which Madge had knitted for her. But her niece's presents all came from home.

January was nearly gone when, one day, Madge came home from church and sought her aunt's room with rather more haste than usual, for she was quite excited over something she had heard at church. The village shoe-maker, a poor man with a large family, had lost nearly every thing he

possessed by fire, and they were in a very destitute condition. As they were very worthy people the minister had spoken of their need at the close of the sermon, and requested aid in their behalf, saying that money or articles of clothing might be left at his house.

Madge, whose ready sympathies were quickly aroused, was sorely grieved that she had no money of her own; but surely Aunt Susan would be generous in such a case.

She related the minister's statements and made her little appeal very warmly, and when she was through Aunt Susan took off her glasses, carefully wiping them before she laid them on the Bible in her lap which she had been reading, and remarked, in a tone of deliberation and conviction,

"It is not prudent to give money to people, of that sort particularly; it leads them to make little account of losses, and teaches them to expect that some one will always be ready to help when such troubles come. I have always made it a rule not to give in such a case; but there is a cambric wrapper in the up-stairs closet that might do for Mrs. Brown; it is faded some, but will wear a good while yet."

Then Madge sprang up, her eyes blazing with indignation, and cried out,

"Aunt Susan, you are a selfish, selfish woman, and if it is as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, I don't see how it is going to be any easier for a rich woman; not that being rich would keep one out, but keeping it all for one's self surely would. I would rather be the shoe-maker's wife to-day than you with all your money."

Then, very much frightened at having dared to speak so boldly, she went away and left Aunt Susan alone with her thoughts.

And the thoughts which came were not very pleasant ones. For years she had gone on stifling her conscience, quieting any remonstrances it might make by reasoning that if she was always prudent as regards her money, she was scrupulously just in the payment of her dues, and no one who ever performed a service for her could say they had not received compensation. She had even managed to feel a little self-righteous complacency hitherto, and now a few frightened, angry words from a young, excited girl, who was little more than a child, had strangely disturbed her.

Slowly and distinctly the past rose up before her, and one after another events she had long forgotten came back to her memory; opportunities she had neglected, appeals to which she had turned a deaf ear, but they were all clothed in a new light, and as long as she lived Susan Strong never forgot those hours of searching retrospection. But she had it out with her conscience then and there, and the next morning, when Madge, with downcast eyes, carried away the breakfast tray, she found a paper under the napkin containing a ten dollar bill, and "from Madge Hardy for Mrs. Brown" written on it.

But that was not the only surprise Madge had. Mrs. Strong, of course, did not at once become as noted for generosity as she had been for her parsimony, but she had altered in many ways, and when the day came for Madge to return to her home, she placed in her hand an envelope, with the request that it should not be opened until she was on the cars.

But it nearly took Madge's breath away when she saw a check for "three hundred and fifty dollars, payable to the order of Miss Madge Hardy," and the tears stood in her eyes as she read the note in which it was folded. The money was to be used, it said, for a year's tuition and expenses at Mrs. ——'s School in Boston.

The principal was an old friend of hers, and she would write to her, requesting her particular attention as to Madge's being properly classed and pleasantly situated.

Boston! Why, that was more than she had dreamed of, so much better than W——, which had been her heart's desire. She was in such a fever of delight and excitement that she resolved then and there that she would spend her winter vacation with Aunt Sue, and when the year was finished she would bring her home for a long visit, and make her have the nicest time she had ever known in her life. And she did.

THE FOX-SQUIRREL.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

A FEW years ago I passed a couple of weeks in the home of a Mexican planter, who generally began his day's work by taking a monkey hunt. Troops of Capuchin monkeys used to enter his corn-fields at day-break, but were nearly always routed before they could finish their breakfast.

"Is there no way to catch them?" I asked him one day. "I should think you would get tired of this daily trouble."

"Well, no," said the planter, "the fun of the thing pays for that. It is worth some trouble to watch their cunning tricks."

In the same way a fox-squirrel chase often repays the hunter's trouble. The size and color of this wily rodent frequently betray its whereabouts, where its gray cousin would escape attention, and this danger seems to have sharpened its wits to such an amazing degree. Far up in the summit regions of the southern Alleghanies a group of chestnut-trees is found, on such rocky ground that the woods look almost as thin as on the borders of the polar zone; yet in these same open highland forests I have seen fox-squirrels escape the pursuit of trained hounds. As if they knew the limits of human eye-sight, they will dash along the ground just far enough to get on the safe side of a bush, a weed-patch, or even a single stump, and then baffle the hounds by darting up a tree and vanish by flying leaps from bough to bough. The dogs will do what they can by barking about the first tree, but before the hunter comes up, Master Longtail may be half a mile away and safe in his hole. No eye can follow the swift turns which keep a dodging squirrel on the rear side of the tree, no matter how closely the hunter watches his chance to get a glimpse of the peeping head. But if a second hunter appears on the scene the fox-squirrel makes up its mind not to be "cornered," but darts out to the end of a long branch and boldly leaps down to run for its life, all with a rudeness that rarely fails to take the dogs by surprise.

I have often wondered if squirrels can be killed by a fall, but I believe that even in California the height of the tallest trees is insufficient for that purpose. The bushy tail alone would probably break the force of a leap from a height of a hundred feet, just as men have leaped with an open umbrella from the top of a house and reached the ground alive. But, besides that, a falling squirrel works its forelegs in a manner very much like the way a young bird flaps its wings. Along its flanks, and half-way up the forelegs, runs an elastic skin that can be stretched outward, and by opening its arms a full-grown squirrel can make itself as flat and broad as an open book, so that almost every part of its body helps to moderate the suddenness of a descending leap. In the flying squirrel this flank-skin is so broad that it serves almost the purpose of a bird's wings, and from a height of two hundred feet a common squirrel would fall at least four times as slowly as a round stone would descend. Even its distant relative, the rat, has a share of the same talent. I once saw a black house-rat run along the roof of a four-story building and up a lightning rod, to which it clung, sliding down for a couple of yards and then deliberately jumped off, and landed, as it looked, head-foremost on the pavement below, but at once recovered its feet and scampered away in the direction of a coal-yard. A falling squirrel strikes the ground running, as it were, and as light-footed as a fluttering bird.

By knocking a club against a hollow tree, the half-grown young of the fox-squirrel can often be frightened into jumping out of their nests, but those nests are not quite easy to find. In hill-forests swarming with squirrels, I have known boys to watch the woods for weeks in the vain hope of tracing a pair of

foxies to their hole. They are too wary ever to drop down the shells of their winter nuts, but take their meals in the hollow of the tree. They also select the safest place they can find, some big old chestnut, without lower branches and with no visible opening but just a narrow split near the fork of some upper branch that hides it from the eye of the prying hunter.

About the middle of June, however, their youngsters sometimes venture down to scamper about the sunny ground, and it is worth while to watch such chances, for there are no prettier pets on this side of monkey-land. They get tame in a couple of days, and will follow their master like little puppies, and every now and then climb him to take refuge in his coat-pocket. I once had a pair of young mountain fox-squirrels that could not have been driven out of the house without shutting the doors on them. They would pass the night in my boy's shoe and follow him down to the breakfast table, in a room where they had a little store-house of their own, somewhere in a corner behind the big wood-box. As soon as they could get hold of a good-sized tidbit they would scamper off to their savings-bank, and then come back with a promptness that often astonished our visitors, who thought they must have an incurable sort of appetite. Every once in a while they would make an attempt to carry off a good-sized bag full of hazel-nuts, by tugging away at it with all their might, and grunting like guinea pigs, if any one interfered with their enterprise. If they got so mischievous that they had to be chased out of the room, they would dart up and down the corridor with bristling tails and a strange sort of chatter, till they saw a chance to slip back and make friends by clambering into somebody's coat-pockets.

At the approach of cold weather they began to feather their nest with all the bits of paper and cloth they could find, and every missing article of that sort could generally be recovered by moving the wood-box. In the woods, too, the fox-squirrel passes whole weeks in gathering dry grass and woolly tree-moss, and certainly passes the winter as comfortably as any forest creature of the north.

MEAT OR POISON.

THE saying, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is well illustrated by the following instances, in which the staple articles of one nation's diet are shown to be wholly unpalatable to other tribes:

The Esquimaux near Littleton Island once discovered a supply of bread and salt pork that Dr. Kane had *cached*, and they proceeded to enjoy a feast at the white men's expense. They liked the salt pork and did not leave a morsel of it. This was probably the first chance they had ever had to vary the monotony of their meat diet. They nibbled the bread a little, promptly pronounced it a failure, and told Dr. Kane afterward that they would as soon swallow so much sand. The Esquimaux generally dislike all the preparations of vegetables that the explorers bring among them. They think it is a perverted appetite that craves any thing but meat.

A tribe living not far from Port Moresky, New Guinea, that think boiled snakes are to be preferred to roast pig, draw the line at sugar. When they saw Dr. Chalmers, their first white visitor, sweetening his tea one morning, they asked him for some of his salt. Dr. Chalmers told them it was not salt, but they were incredulous, and so he gave some sugar to one of the natives. "He began eating it," says Dr. Chalmers, "and the look of disgust on his face was worth seeing; he rose up, went out, spat out what he had in his mouth, and threw the remainder away." Then he told the crowd what horrible stuff it was, and they were satisfied to take his word for it without trying it themselves.

Many savage tribes think eggs are wholly unfit for food. They keep fowls that are very much like our own, and sometimes chickens are almost their sole animal food, but they never dreamed that any body could get hungry enough to eat eggs until they saw the missionaries eat them. The spectacle of their white friends making eggs a part of their breakfast still troubles a number of tribes in Africa. Mr. Wallace says that among some of the Pacific islanders hen's eggs are saved to sell to ships, but are never eaten by the natives.

There are a number of tribes in Africa whose chief riches are their herds of cattle, but who never drank a drop of cow's milk in their lives. They think the milk of their herds is for calves and not for human beings, and they are disgusted at the idea that any body should consider it a proper article of food. A few tribes near the great lakes think it is a spectacle worth seeing to look at the missionaries milking cows and drinking the milk. Among many tribes, however, milk is an important article of food. They estimate a man's wealth by the number of cattle he owns, and think he is squandering his capital if he kills one of them for food. They use their cattle to buy wives and other commodities, and eat them only when they die in natural course.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

A WRITER in the "Journal of Education" explains the mysteries of proof-reading, and presents a few samples of the havoc wrought in a writer's choicest English by a few misplaced types:

The third copy of proof will be perfect as far as human foresight can see, and the writer of the editorial which is to electrify the world in the morning—goes home to wait. At breakfast he unfolds the sheet. There is order out of chaos. He turns to his own leader, the caption of which should read, "Our Great Need," something for statesmen to digest and ponder over, and with a strong inclination to cry he sees it transformed into "Our Great Ned." How did it happen? Probably at the last moment, as the type was being transferred, an "e" dropped out, and the printer did not observe the loss; or possibly it may have been caused by the careless chirography of the writer, and overlooked by all the proof-readers. Illegible and obscure handwriting is the bane of the printer, who is not expected to read "copy" for the sense it may contain, but to connect the necessary letters and words. A good copy will nearly always furnish a clean proof. Yet in spite of author, compositor, proof-reader, and editors mistakes of the most absurd character will creep in. In a reprint of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" occurs this curious reading,

"'Come back, come back,' he cried in *Greek*,
'Across the stormy water.'"

When Benjamin F. Taylor, the Western poet, wrote his fine poem on Burns's Centennial, the line,

"Heart of leal, can this be dying?"

appeared in the paper,

"Head of lead, can this be lying?"

In a country newspaper there appeared recently an announcement of the "presentation of a Bible bound in *guilt*;" and a leading temperance newspaper published a religious poem, beginning

"I love The still."

Sometimes these mistakes are so humorous as to soothe the injured writer by their wit. But not infrequently some tender and beautiful thought is ruthlessly sacrificed to a proof-reader's laxity. When "noses" are substituted for "roses," "fillies" for "lilies," and "Horse literature" for "Norse literature," the mistake assumes the dimensions of a calamity.

HEAD-GEAR.

AN English physician publishes in the "Pall Mall Gazette" some curious facts in relation to the size of the hats and heads of Englishmen. The writer has nothing to say of female head-gear, which, perhaps, bears no relation to the size of the head which it adorns.

I may say that the "size" of the hat is the mean of the length and breadth; thus, a hat measuring 7½ inches long by 6½ inches wide would be size No. 7. Mr. Christy, the well-known purveyor of chimney-pots and other head-gear, informed me that the average size for English adult males was 7, or 22 inches in circumference. Germans have round heads, Malays are small, Portuguese average 6⅞–7, Spaniards slightly larger. Japanese exceed the English average; the order for a dozen would run thus: four 7, three 7⅛, four 7¼, one 7⅜. Mr. Bowen gives similar information, and adds: "Men who have to do with horses—coachmen, jockeys, livery servants—have undoubtedly the smallest heads." This size of livery hats would run from 6½ to 7, nothing larger. Mr. Kissop Holter, of Glasgow, says the Scotch head is larger than the English. York has the largest English range, Cambridge next, then Oxford; the professors of the Scotch universities average 7 1-16; Joseph Hume took 8½, Chalmers 7¾. Other heads of interest are Mr. Gladstone 7⅜, Lord J. Russell 7¼, John Bright 7⅛, Lord Selborne 7⅛, the Prince of Wales and Lord Beaconsfield each 7. It is lamentable to reflect what a golden opportunity for an extensive observation was lost in the House of Commons on the memorable 8th of April of this year! Shortly afterward it occurred to me it might be interesting and instructive to ascertain the average hat size of the members of London University in convocation assembled; such a body, it was hoped, might be considered as superior to the average in mind power. Accordingly I instructed my hatter to make the necessary measurements, and I here give the result: 6⅝, 7; 6¾, 9; 6⅞, 27; 7, 32; 7⅛, 29; 7¼, 16; 7⅜, 3; 7½, 2; 7¾, 1—126 hats in all. I will now add new figures supplied to me by Mr. Bowen, showing the hats required by ordinary adult Englishmen: 6½, 2; 6⅝, 4; 6¾, 6; 6⅞, 8; 7, 7; 7⅛, 5; 7¼, 2; 7⅜, 1; 7½, 1; 7¾, 0—36 hats in all. And lastly, to complete the picture, here is an order for a dozen livery hats: 6½, 2; 6⅝, 3; 6¾, 3; 6⅞, 2; 7, 1; 7¼, 1; nothing larger, 12 hats in all.

WHAT a man should not say he should not hear. The things which defile a man in going out of his mouth, defile him also when they go in at his eyes and ears.—*Tertullian.*

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

CONRAD is a fellow who does not know the rules of polite society. We do not mean that he could not deport himself with perfect grace and composure in the elegant social circles of the highest type in our great cities. That is very possible. There are many young men who are thorough gentlemen who do not feel perfectly at home where the conventionalities of society are strictly observed. The trouble with Conrad is that he is not even decent in ordinary society. He says and does things which are never allowable in a gentleman. The misfortune with Conrad is that he has never been trained to know what is, and what is not, gentlemanly. He was brought up carelessly. His mother did not herself know, or did not care, what is expected of gentlemen. She talked wretched grammar herself; put her knife into her mouth when she ate, instead of using her fork; ate rapidly; took enormous mouthfuls; talked in a loud tone of voice; and had a rough way generally of doing things. She tried to observe what few laws of society she was acquainted with when in society, but even that effort was a failure, because what people do not practice regularly at home they are not able to put on with ease or grace on special occasions. We are sorry for Conrad, but he is a great nuisance.

IT is not so much to his habits of eating that we take exception, but he is restless and noisy, and is constantly doing something which annoys and even irritates the people with whom he associates. Take him, for example, in a railway train. If you happen to sit on the seat in front of him, you will be likely to feel the pressure of his knees against your back. It may be very uncomfortable to you. You may try to change your position. You may cast a glance back at him, and give a hint, but neither has any effect upon him. He does not care how uncomfortable you are. He forgets that you own the seat, the back of it included, and that he is trespassing upon your rights by pushing his knees into you as he does. No gentleman will do this. It is worse than thoughtless. It is the height of impertinence. Conrad will drum on the window with his fingers until your nerves are irritated to the last degree. He likes it. It is a pleasure to him. What does he care for weak nerves? Now Conrad does not know that monotonous sounds of that kind are very annoying to most people; that many find it impossible to read or think within the hearing of such sounds; that they become highly exasperating to certain temperaments. Therefore no gentleman is ever so thoughtless as to indulge in them.

CONRAD opens his window when on the railway whether the people who sit by and behind him like it or not. He is not afraid of draughts; why should other people be? He paid for that seat, and why should he not have all out-of-doors for the money he spends on his ticket? The woman exposed to neuralgia, the sleeping child occupying the place behind him, are traveling on their own account. What are they to him? He wants his comfort, he intends to have it. A gentle request is made by some passenger in the neighborhood for the window to be lowered. Conrad pretends not to hear it. A good strong voice speaks up for the rest, and again asks for the lowering of the window, and Conrad gives gruff or impertinent reply. And when at last the brakeman or conductor, in the exercise of authority, puts down the sash, he scolds and then sits in sullen silence, now and then uttering a suppressed growl. The difficulty is, Conrad is not a gentleman. We do not care how Conrad dresses; what sort of mustache he has. He is not a gentleman.

CONRAD is a public whistler. He whistles in hotel parlors, in railway cars, on steamers, and anywhere else, and that in the presence of people who are otherwise occupied, and who have not requested his services as whistler. He does not seem to realize that the puckering up of his mouth into whistling-pose does not improve his looks; that it does not indicate any remarkable taste or genius on his part; that it betrays bad breeding; that there is no art in it; that there is a species of impertinence in it which destroys all the effect that the best whistler in the world could possibly produce. No gentleman whistles in company unless he has been requested so to do.

IN another particular the boy to whom we are introducing our readers is frequently guilty of discourteous conduct. He is a great talker, and seems to have no delicacy or sense of propriety as to when or to whom he expresses himself. He gives unsolicited opinions, interrupting the conversation of others in doing it. He asks questions on matters which do not concern him, and more than once has received merited rebuke. In his coarse way he falls into argument with people, and is rough and impolite in his conduct of debate. It would be difficult to find a more disagreeable fellow than this same Conrad. We are glad to believe that there are few young people who possess the traits which render him so offensive, at least to the degree to which they have developed in Conrad's case. Conrad would like to be popular in good society. There are many homes to which he would be glad to have access, but people snub him. People of his acquaintance seem ashamed of him. Conrad is a boor.

WE are very well aware that this bold picture may seem to be a caricature. If it be an exaggeration of common faults among a certain class of young people, it will still be well for young people to consider the mistakes and improprieties which in Conrad's case have grown to such gigantic proportions. Politeness without pretense is always attractive. It imparts beauty to a homely face, and disarms prejudice.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for October 3, 1886. JESUS BETRAYED.—John 18. 1–14.
GOLDEN TEXT.—Mark 14. 41.

PREFATORY. From the conference private and personal with his chosen disciples, Jesus comes into a deeper privacy, even into personal communion with God. The "upper room" is a holy place, but Gethsemane becomes the holy of holies, where man's representative meets the holy and righteous God for transactions too sacred and mysterious for our comprehension.

INTERROGATORY. Where were "these words" spoken? Where is the brook Kidron? What was the "garden," called? Who went with Jesus?

Who followed him and exposed his place of resort? What motives did Judas have? What effect did Jesus's presence and words have on the "band" and their followers? What impetuous act did Peter perform? What did Jesus say and do? Where did the officers take Jesus? Quote Caiaphas's counsel.

HOMILY. Years ago I visited the garden of Gethsemane in the valley of Kidron. It was on a warm and sunny morning in the early spring. We went down by the steep path from St. Stephen's gate, and entered a small door on the east side of the garden, which is now surrounded by high and strong stone walls. The garden is laid out in walks. Flowers are cultivated there. Old gnarled olive and other trees spread their branches and cast deep shadows. It is a very silent and beautiful, as it is a very sacred, place. It is claimed by the old monks and by some good scholars that this is the true site of Gethsemane, and you are told on the spot that these very trees covered the Christ with their branches on that solemn night. This cannot be true. These trees may be the descendants of the trees that stood in the garden eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, but they cannot by any possibility be the same. The ground may not be identical with the site of the original Gethsemane, and yet it may. One can, however, feel the influence of that historic event which makes the place so precious to the believer. It is easy to enter into the spirit of the hour when a deep and dreadful darkness hung over this spot. There kneeled the Son of man in an agony worse than that of death.

In the lesson for the day we do not find an account of the prayer of Jesus and his acceptance of the proffered cup. We see him as he goes forth to meet his betrayer. Foul Judas—false to God, to the Master he professed to serve, and to his own soul! Bad man at heart, bad man in life. Such are the possibilities in human nature. No wonder that man's sin causes wonder in the heavens. No wonder that nothing but grace infinite and eternal is sufficient to save the race.

Peter is as bold and brave as Judas was base. He was ready to do all that he promised, and to stand by his Lord and Master to the last. But he expected to do it by blows. A physical, visible, temporal kingdom he could help to bring in, but this kingdom of ideas and spiritual forces to be won by surrender and martyrdom was too much for his feeble faith. So it is with all of us. It is easy to be brave in open fight, but to be brave in faith and to be patient and to wait and to rest in God in the teeth of failure—this is hard.

PRAYER. O Thou who wast betrayed by a heartless and false disciple, save us Thy disciples from infidelity to Thyself. Save us from misguided zeal and make us Thy own true and wise disciples, and may we learn to pray Thy prayer in Gethsemane—"Thy will, not mine, be done." Amen.

THE DARK VALLEY—A PARABLE.

BY REV. T. M. GRIFFITH.

A CERTAIN man was traveling to a far country, and along with him went three companions whose company did greatly beguile the way, and one besides who was very dear to him. Now it came to pass that near the end of his journey was a dark and dismal valley, at sight of which he stood trembling and afraid, saying, "Who will go with me through this dark valley; for I dare not go alone?" Then one of the three companions said, "Farewell, I must now leave thee; neither can I linger a moment longer." Another said, "I will go with thee to the entrance of the valley, but farther than that I cannot go." And the third said, "I will speak well of thee to all my friends after thou hast entered the dark valley; yea, I will put the trumpet to my lips and sound thy name abroad for many years to come."

Then did the traveler turn to his faithful friend who was nearest and dearest of all, and said, "Come thou with me, and I will even enter this valley without fear." And the friend said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Hear now the interpretation of the parable. The three companions are Pleasure, Wealth, and Fame. The first forsakes the soul so soon as it comes in sight of death, the second continues to administer many a comfort up to the last moment of the dying hour; but though there be millions of money piled up at the entrance of the death-valley, not one penny has ever been carried into that shadowy vale. The third companion is Fame, which writes epitaphs on tombstones, and sings of departed greatness, "waking to ecstasy the living lyre," after the soul has fled.

But the faithful friend is called Religion, though some there be who call her by the sweet name of Love; because she comes from the bosom of God and doth represent his love to man. This is a friend indeed, for she will not forsake the soul that trusts in her, even in eternity; for there will she plead his cause before the immaculate Judge; and her plea shall prevail. Let every one that hath a soul secure the favor of this faithful friend!

DON'T FORGET THE REMEDY.

IN an interesting memoir of the late Rev. William Marsh, the following story is told. Mr. Marsh, when a very young man, was invited with several other candidates for the ministry to visit the Rev. Richard Cecil. Sixty years afterward he recounted the incidents of the day:

"Mr. Cecil was most happy in the art of illustration. Wishing to impress upon our minds the importance of ever making prominent in our preaching Christ and his atonement, he told us an anecdote of his former life. He had been a great sufferer for years, and none of his medical friends had been able to ascertain the cause. At length Mrs. Cecil was told of a physician who was extremely skillful in intricate cases and whom she entreated him to consult. When the minister entered the office the physician said: 'Welcome, Mr. Cecil; I know you well by character and as a preacher. We must have some conversation after I have given you my advice.' Mr. Cecil then described his sufferings. The physician considered for a few minutes, and then said: 'Dear sir, there is only one remedy in such a case as yours; do just try it, it is perfectly simple,' and then he mentioned the medicine.

"Mr. Cecil, fearing to occupy too much of his time, rose to leave, but the physician said, 'No, sir, we must not part so soon, for I have long wished for an opportunity of conversing with you.' So they spent half an hour more, mutually delighted with each other's society.

"On returning home Mr. Cecil said to his wife, 'You sent me to a most agreeable man, with such a fund of anecdote, such originality of thought, such a command of language.' 'Well, but what did he prescribe for you?' Mrs. Cecil anxiously inquired. There was a pause, and then Mr. Cecil exclaimed, 'I have entirely forgotten the remedy; the doctor's charms of manner and conversation put every thing else out of my mind.'

"'Now, young men,' said Mr. Cecil, 'it will be very pleasant for you if your congregations go away saying, "What eloquence! What original thought! What an agreeable delivery!" TAKE CARE THEY DO NOT FORGET THE REMEDY, the only remedy, Christ and his righteousness, Christ and his atonement.'"

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

ROBERT and Alfred Taylor, brothers, are respectively the Democratic and Republican candidates for the governorship of Tennessee. They are canvassing the State in company, speaking from the same platforms to the same audiences. Their father is not the Prohibition candidate.

THE French and English press have commented upon the murders which have marked the summer in France by their frequency and unusual atrocity. The several verdicts are based upon the following grounds: The alarming increase in the use of alcoholic stimulants, the political excitement occasioned by the expulsion of the French princes, the absence of moral restraint, and the prevalence of atheism which has followed from the government policy of excluding religion from the schools.

RUSSIA is constantly doing things to remind the world that she is three or four centuries behind the rest of the nations in civilization. The czar is so accustomed to absolute sway that he forgets its limits in an attempt to control the consciences of the Lutherans, Jews, and Polish Catholics of his broad dominions. The German Protestants form the majority of the population of the Baltic provinces, but they are forbidden to criticise the doctrines of the Greek Church, and their own Protestant religious papers are not allowed to circulate among them. Jews are excluded from every public employment as well as from the legal profession.

ENGLAND'S conquests go to enrich her libraries as well as her treasury. The Royal Burmese Library of twelve hundred volumes, which was a part of the spoils of the capture of Mandalay, has arrived in England, and is found to contain, among other curious works, a history of the Portuguese in Burmah. The account begins with the year 1520, and gives the Burmese view of the struggles of the different European nations for the ascendency in Burmah. The books are written upon palm-leaf.

THE best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.—*Holmes.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

WESLEY—APOSTLESHIP.*

A FINE humor pervaded the nature of Wesley, and often gave striking readiness and pertinency to his words. Thomas Walsh, one of his most learned and most saintly preachers, was morbidly scrupulous, and complained in a letter to him that among the "three or four persons that tempted" him to levity, "you, sir, are one, by your witty proverbs." Wesley's humor, however, enhanced the blandness of his piety, and enabled him sometimes to convey reproof in a manner that could hardly be resented with ill temper. "Michael Fenwick," he says, "was often hindered from settling in business, because God had other work for him to do. He is just made to travel with me, being an excellent groom, *valet de chambre*, nurse, and, upon occasion, a tolerable preacher." This good man one day was vain enough to complain to him that, though constantly traveling with him, his own name was never inserted in Wesley's published Journals. In the next number of the Journals he found his egotism effectually rebuked. "I left Epworth," wrote Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and, about one, preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick."

He could be noble in his reproofs as in all things else. Joseph Bradford was for many years his traveling companion, and considered no assistance to him too servile, but was subject to changes of temper. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post; Bradford wished to hear his sermon first. Wesley was urgent, and insisted; Bradford refused. "Then," said Wesley, "you and I must part." "Very good, sir," replied Bradford. They slept over it. On rising the next morning Wesley accosted his old friend and asked if he had considered what he had said, that "they must part?" "Yes, sir," replied Bradford. "And must we part?" inquired Wesley. "Please yourself, sir," was the reply, "Will you ask my pardon?" rejoined Wesley. "No, sir." "You wont?" "No, sir." "Then I will ask yours!" replied the great man. Bradford melted under the example, and wept like a child.

The aptness of Wesley's replies sometimes took the form of severe repartee, but only when it was deserved. "Sir," said a blustering, low-lived man, who attempted to push against him and throw him down; "sir, I never make way for a fool." "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.

In befitting circumstances, however, no man could show more Christian meekness in the treatment of offenses. At Dewsbury a person, full of rage, pressed through the throng and struck him violently on the face with the palm of his hand. Wesley, with tears in his eyes, recollecting the precept of Christ, turned to him the other cheek. His assailant was awed by his example and slunk back into the crowd; he became a friend to the Methodists, and afterward imperiled his life to save one of their chapels from being destroyed by fire.

No fact could better refute the imputation of fanaticism to Wesley than the catholic spirit which he so much enjoined and exemplified; for fanaticism is never charitable. His Journals show that he early broke away from his High-Church exclusiveness; that he looked back upon it with regretful wonder, and that the progress of his self-development in all charitable sentiments was steady and benignant. In 1765 he wrote to his Calvinistic friend Venn: "I desire to have a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ. We have not only one faith, one hope, one Lord, but are directly engaged in one warfare. We are carrying the war into the devil's own quarters, who, therefore, summons all his hosts of war. Come, then, ye that love God, to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty! I am now well-nigh *miles emeritus senex, sexagenarius;* [an old soldier who has served out his time and is entitled to his discharge—a sexagenarian;] yet I trust to fight a little longer. Come and strengthen the hands, till you supply the place, of your weak but affectionate brother."

Wesley's Journal, Friday, March 25, 1748:

"I preached in Marlborough Street at five, to the largest congregation I have yet seen in a morning. At two I began in Ship Street, where were many of the rich and genteel. I was exceeding weak in body, having been examining classes all the day; but I felt it not after I had spoken two sentences. I was strengthened both in body and soul."

Wesley's Journal, Friday, April 1, 1748:

"I preached at Olra to a vast number of well-behaved people; although some of them came in their coaches, and were (I was informed) of the best quality in the country. How few of these would have returned empty if they had heard the word of God, not out of curiosity, but from a real desire to know and do his will."

DR. WILLIAM R. CLARK gave an admirable address on three reasons why we should recount the history of Methodism: First, he says, as a moral tonic and stimulant to loyalty to the Church and to the cause it serves. Second, as a verification of great principles, such as the seeking of the common people, the giving of woman her normal place in the evangelization of the world, to guarantee to her facilities for the highest education which the schools can furnish: social worship, lay preaching, and the itinerancy, etc. Third, as a prelude to its future.

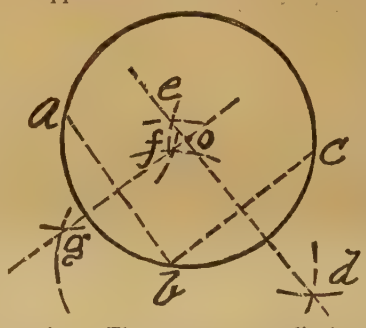
* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

MECHANICAL DRAWINGS.

Problem IV. *To find the center of a circle.*

Suppose we have a circle and we do not know where to locate the center. How shall we find it? First we draw two lines *c b* and *b a*. These lines may be any length that will permit their ends to be in the circumference of the circle. They must also meet in the circumference as these do at *b*. Next, by Problem II of last week, we draw lines perpendicular to the lines *a b* and *b c*, at their middle points. It will be remembered that this is done by drawing partial circles above and below each line, with the ends of the line as pivots, and with a distance greater than half the line. These two perpendicular lines when prolonged will meet in the center of the circle *o*, and if at that point of meeting your pin or compass leg be placed, with the pencil point at *c*, *b*, or *a*, you will find that the point will exactly follow the circumference as you swing it about the central pivot.



This rule is a valuable one. Suppose you wish to put a knob on the top of a round wooden cover, the center of which you do not know. A few lines drawn with a piece of chalk, and you find the exact center. Look a moment at the figure, and you will see that the circle passes through the three points *a*, *b*, and *c*. Now it is plain that if you have any three points (not in the same straight line) you can draw a circle through them.

All you have to do is to draw two lines connecting the three points—a line from *a* to *b*, and one from *b* to *c*. Now draw perpendiculars through the middle points of these lines, continue the perpendiculars until they cut each other, and the point of meeting will be the center of a circle in which the points *a*, *b*, and *c* all lie. So you can draw a circle through those or any other three points (not in the same straight line) that any one may give you.

Some chalk artists invite one of the audience to come forward and make five dots anywhere on his paper. He promises to draw a man having these five dots coincident with the head, hands, and feet.

You may not be able to make such an offer as that, but you can challenge any one to make three dots (not in a line) through which you cannot draw a circle.

PRACTICE PROBLEMS.

1. In the very top of a circular tent there was a leak, and before going to bed the occupant of the tent, a mathematician, wanted to put a tea-cup (his only receptacle) just where it would catch the water if it rained in the night. How did he find the right spot?

[This example is so practical that is seems a pity that it could not have been used in some of the old arithmetics.]

2. In the center of a circular tent floor, 24 ft. in diameter, a man placed a perpendicular pole 16 ft. high. How many feet of rope would it take to reach from one edge of the tent floor to the top of the pole, and down to the edge on the other side?

3. There is a grotto with a circular floor and a domed roof. How may the center of the roof be found?

IT will be found a great assistance in this work if the student will draw a figure for himself, so that he may have a clear idea of just what he is aiming to do.

THE following extract from the New York "Evening Post" is well worth careful perusal. We give a portion of the States this week and the remainder in our next issue:

Maine—So called from the Province of Maine, in France, in compliment to Queen Henrietta of England, who, it has been said, owned that province. This is the commonly received opinion.

New Hampshire—Named by John Mason in 1739 (who, with another, obtained the grant from the Crown) from Hampshire County in England. The former name of the domain was Laconia.

Vermont—From the French words *vert mont*, or green mountain, indicative of the mountainous nature of the State. The name was officially recognized Jan. 16, 1777.

Massachusetts—Indian name; signifying "the country about the great hills."

Rhode Island—This name was adopted in 1671 from the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean, because of its fancied resemblance to that island.

Connecticut—This is the English orthography of the Indian word Quon-eh-ta-cut, which signifies "the long river."

New York—Named by the Duke of York under cover of title given by the English Crown in 1664.

New Jersey—So called in honor of Sir George Carteret, who was Governor of the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

Pennsylvania—From William Penn, the founder of the new colony, meaning "Penn's Woods."

Delaware—In honor of Thomas West, Lord de la Ware, who visited the Bay and died there in 1610.

Maryland—After Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles I. of England.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

A Tin-track Road.

A rainy afternoon in attic or play-room may be passed very pleasantly in the manufacture and operation of a tin-track road.

First of all go to a tin-shop and have the tinner cut for you twenty-five, thirty, or fifty strips of tin ¾ in. wide, and as long as the sheet of tin will permit. Then have him bend these strips at right-angles along a line ½ in. from the edge. This will make rails like that in Figure 1, with a bed ½ in. wide, and a flange ¼ in. high.

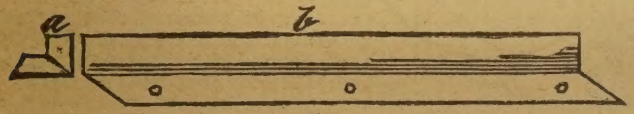


Fig. 1.

Punch a few holes for tacks, or, as you will prefer to call them, "spikes," and the rails are done. Provided with these rails, a paper of tacks, a hammer, a brad-awl, a pair of tin shears, and an ordinary tin car, proceed to the site of your proposed road and begin operations. You will need a few pieces of board to which to attach your rails.

The idea of the road is easily comprehended. The rails are to be laid parallel, and thus form a groove in which the tin car will run, Figure 2.

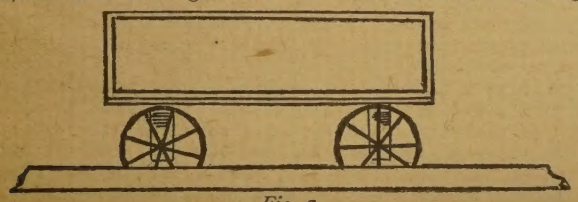


Fig. 2.

The best form for the road is as follows: At one end of the room make a raised starting-point. Here the station is to be located. From this elevation the road should gradually descend nearly to the floor, and then rise abruptly again at the other end for a short distance. On this second incline is a switch (which we shall describe below), and a second track leads back down a slight grade to the foot of the elevation where the road began. It is evident from this outline of the road that a single operator can start a car at the top. It will run down with increasing rapidity, ascend the inclined plane at the other end, pass the spring-switch, run up a little way farther, then start back, be thrown by the spring-switch on to the other track, and thus come back to the hand of the sender.

The building of the track we can leave to the ingenuity of the average boy, but perhaps it will be necessary for us to describe the switch rather carefully. Figure 3 represents a view of the switch from above.

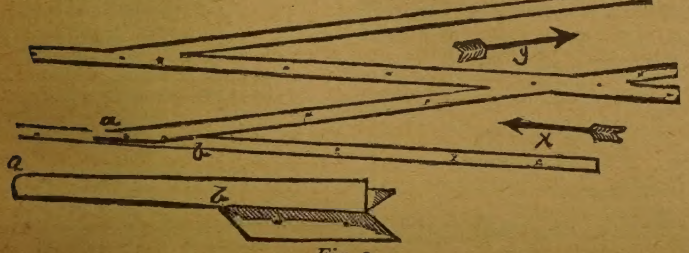


Fig. 3.

The arrow *x* is in the center of the main track by which the car comes from the top of the hill, and the arrow *y* is on the track leading down to the foot of the elevation. Where the tracks intersect each other the flanges are all cut away so that the car moves easily across the points of meeting. At the point *b* there is a spring flange *ab*, shown in the separate figure below. The lower piece of the rail is cut away and a springing flange remains. This flange is bent so that it just touches the flange of the outside main rail. Now when a car passes over the switch the car wheels force their way between the spring and the main flange, but as soon as the car has passed, this spring returns to its place. Thus, when the car returns, the wheels strike this spring and the car is turned on to the other track. This spring switch works well, and is the most interesting part of the road.

All sorts of additions may be made—a telegraph line strung along the road; a mail crane set up at the side of the track, and a small bag, filled with cotton, caught by the car as it passes. A bell may be arranged at the switch end, so that the car will make it ring every time it passes the switch. An elevator may be rigged at the lower end. The car will run on to this, the operator pulls a string, the car is raised to the upper grade and runs out upon the main track, thus making a complete trip or any number of trips without being touched.

The train may be increased to two or more cars. It is exciting to start one car, and just as it is passing the switch to send another down. They will pass each other in dangerous proximity, and often a slight miscalculation causes a disaster. The building of a railroad such as we have described involves plenty of ingenuity and fun, and necessitates a very slight outlay of money.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—VIII.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

At the next meeting of the K. D. S., Kate, declaring that her offering must be considered first, laid upon the table a note-book bearing on its back in big letters the words "Statistics concerning the conditions of upper bureau drawers, as kept by maidens of the nineteenth century."

"There's an answer to your conundrum, Kittie," she said; "I compiled it for your benefit with a word of comment at the end. Let me read a few choice extracts:

"'No. 1.—May Fleming. Order slightly imperfect. To get any thing she has to stir vigorously with a button-hook till the article comes to the top.'"

"Kate," said Kittie, "you're making that up."

"Kittie," answered Kate, solemnly, "I assure you that I am not. I have several testimonies similar to that, the only difference being in the implement used for stirring; some prefer a hair-brush or a short stick. I have not time to read all the testimonies, so I select the typical ones.

"'No. 2.—Ida Cone. Has a place for every thing, but never can remember the agreement between said place and object to be contained therein. Order, therefore, uncertain. Re-arranges and decides concerning places about once a month.'

"'No. 3.—Fan Jackson. Can manage every thing but collars; is quite hopeless concerning any method that will tend to their order. Many testify to the same thing, and a few maidens have consigned the unruly objects to boxes in other drawers or on closet shelves. This plan, however, has its disadvantages.'

"'No. 4.—Sadie Hillton. Order of drawer precarious; liable to wild confusion in conjunction with a party or tea.'

"'No. 5.—Betty Brown. Had the carpenter make compartments of just the right size for the articles she had decided they should hold. Lined the compartments with white paper, arranged her possessions in order, and resolved that those things always should occupy those places. Kept her resolution.'

"I had a peep into that drawer, and the sight was enough to cheer a mother's heart. Betty said that the whole secret of her success was not so much in the fact that she had a place for every thing but that she put each thing in its place just as soon as she had finished using it. She told me, though, that it took her an age to get over the habit of opening her drawer and just dropping in anywhere her gloves, or pocket-book, or card-case, but at last she has gotten bravely over that period, and the result pays. And now, friends," added Kate, impressively, "my comment is, The answer to the proposed conundrum seems to be, A place for every thing, and every thing put *at once* in its place."

After the K. D. S. had approved unanimously of Kate's solution of the problem, and had voted that her note-book should have a prominent place among the archives of the Society, they decided that it was Katherine's turn to tell them something. Then the young lady selected drew from under the lounge a bundle of bright-colored zephyrs.

"This is mother's present," she said, "and I am so afraid that she will catch a glimpse of it before Christmas. I had great difficulty in smuggling it down here this afternoon.

"Mother has wanted an afghan for so long that I determined to make her one like Aunt Lucy's, which she has admired. The work is really not difficult, for the stitch is just the plain knitting stitch, done on large needles. There are to be five stripes, two Roman and three of garnet. Each stripe is to be two yards long and sixty-three stitches in width. It is made of Germantown zephyr, and requires three hanks of light blue, three hanks of light pink, and three hanks of white. You need also some black and some yellow, not very much, and then enough garnet for your three solid stripes. I bought five hanks of garnet to begin with.

"For each Roman stripe the directions are as follows: 2 rows white, 2 rows blue, 2 rows pink, 2 rows yellow, 2 pink, 2 white, 24 blue, 2 white, 2 blue, 2 pink, 2 blue, 2 yellow, 2 pink, 2 white, 24 garnet, 2 white, 2 pink, 2 blue, 2 yellow, 2 white, 2 pink, 2 blue, 20 white, 2 blue, 2 white, 2 pink, 2 blue, 2 yellow, 2 pink, 2 white, 32 pink.

"Crochet the stripes together with black, and then crochet a shell border, allowing six long stitches to a shell for the rows of blue, white, and pink, and eight stitches to a shell for a last row of black. In rounding the corners you will have to add some stitches, two to the number in the white shells, three to the pink, and four to the black, thus making the corner shells six, eight, nine, and twelve stitches respectively."

Each member copied the directions, and the meeting adjourned.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Tasmania.

(Area, 26,215 sq. miles; population, 126,220; ruler, British governor, Sir G. C. Strahan.)

TASMANIA, formerly known as Van Diemen's Land, is an island and colony of Great Britain, lying south of the eastern part of Australia, and separated from Victoria by the channel known as Bass Strait. The island, which is about as large as Scotland, is in the main hilly or mountainous, and heavily wooded. Numerous rivers flow from the highland lakes of the interior to the sea, where they broaden into the estuaries and harbors which deeply indent the coast. Along the river valleys is a rich soil for the agriculturist, and the treeless plains and hill-sides support valuable flocks of sheep. Tasmania has also an immense store of mineral wealth, which is as yet only partially developed. Gold is found is paying quantities; tin and iron abound, and there are extensive beds of coal. Wool is the staple article of export, there being 2,000,000 sheep in the colony. Tin, gold, and fruits are also exported. The foreign trade is almost entirely with Great Britain and the Australian colonies. Hobart Town on the southern coast is the principal port as well as the capital and largest city of the island. Its population is about 25,000. Launceston is the second town of importance; between these places runs the principal line of railway, and an excellent carriage road. The railways, which aggregate about 350 miles, are the property of the government, which also owns and operates the 1,500 miles of telegraphs and the post-office system. Tasmania is connected with Australia and the rest of the world by a telegraphic cable and a line of steamers.

The Dutch navigator Tasman discovered this island in 1642, and named it Van Diemen's Land in honor of the Dutch governor of the East Indies, under whose patronage he sailed. But it was not until 1803 that a band of English settlers came from New South Wales and made their home near the present site of Hobart Town. The colony thus founded remained a dependency of New South Wales until 1825, when it became directly dependent upon the British crown. It was used as a convict colony for many years, but in 1853 England abandoned the system of convict transportation. This act and the discovery of gold on the Australian main-land checked for a time the growth of Tasmania. But the colony gained in the quality of its settlers, and is now steadily growing. The rate of increase during the last decade being about fifteen per cent.

Under the Constitution which was granted by the British Parliament in 1854, the government of Tasmania consists of a Parliament of two branches, the members of which are elected by the people. The executive authority is intrusted to a governor, who is appointed by the Queen of England. He is assisted by a cabinet of responsible ministers, after the manner of the cabinet of Great Britain. The colony has no established religion, but about one half the population are nominally members of the Church of England. Perhaps one fourth are Roman Catholics, and the remainder are distributed among the principal Protestant sects. Education is compulsory, and schools are furnished for all children of the proper age, but many of the adults are illiterate, the last census disclosing the fact that twenty-seven per cent. of the population were unable to read and write. The present inhabitants are nearly all of British descent, and the original inhabitants of the island are entirely extinct.

The Cholera.

THE disease known as the Asiatic cholera, which was so wide-spread and so generally fatal in southern Europe last year, still exists in the ports of the Mediterranean Sea. It was feared that the disease would cross the ocean to America as it has done before, and the strict precautions which were taken by our health officials to prevent its entrance have thus far proved successful. Even in Europe the pestilence has spent its force, and whereas a twelvemonth ago Spain, France, and Italy were ravaged by the plague, the two former countries are now nearly free from the disease. It lingers, however, in the Adriatic ports of both Italy and Austria, and the weekly death-rate is by no means insignificant.

But it is in Asia itself that the havoc of the cholera is the most frightful. It breeds in the hot swamps of India and finds many victims among the poor and crowded populations of the far eastern countries. The latest reports of the progress of the disease in Japan and China are more appalling than any which have come from Europe for a long time. During the present year fifty-nine thousand cases of the cholera have occurred in Japan, and thirty-seven thousand of them have resulted fatally. It is thought that the epidemic is now declining in Japan, but it still rages in Seoul, the capital of the neighboring kingdom of Korea. In this city of not more than one quarter of a million inhabitants, forty thousand are said to have perished this summer, and the advices from other cities and towns are of a similar character.

Parnell's Land Bill.

IT has been the evident intention of the Tory Party in the British Parliament to avoid discussing the Irish Question in any form at this session. The queen's speech on the opening day passed over in silence the one issue upon which the recent campaign has been fought, and appealed to the members to devote their attention to the appropriation bills which Mr. Gladstone had pushed one side in his eagerness to carry the principle of reform in the government of Ireland. The Tory programme, then, was to vote the supplies and adjourn, postponing until February the more perplexing questions of legislation. The government was the more eager to shun Irish affairs because the announcement of its policy might cost it the support of the Liberal seceders, without whose votes the Tories are a minority in the House of Commons. It was supposed that this arrangement would be carried out, and Mr. Gladstone took advantage of the political lull for a trip to the Bavarian mountains in search of needed relaxation from public affairs. Sir William Vernon Harcourt succeeded to his place at the head of the Liberal Party.

But the Irish Nationalists are quite unwilling to leave the Tories at peace, and Mr. Parnell has drawn up a bill which, it is said, will cut short Mr. Gladstone's holiday and bring him back to join in the debate. The new bill does not touch the subject of Irish government, but deals entirely with the land troubles. It is a temporary measure, being intended to tide the tenant farmers over the dangers of the coming winter. Declaring at the outset the inability of the tenantry to pay the rents demanded by the landlords and authorized by the state, the bill forbids the eviction of farmers and lease-holders who have paid at least one half of the rent for the current year. Suppose, for instance, that an Irish farmer has contracted to pay a certain amount for the rent of a piece of land; if he pays but one half the stipulated sum, the proposed law authorizes the Land Court to forbid the landlord to turn him out. The Parnellites claim for the bill that the crops are so poor that the tenants can in no way meet the rent collectors, and unless some radical measure like this is taken, thousands of families must be put out of their homes at the bitterest season of the year.

The Parnellites demand a consideration of this measure before the passage of the appropriations, and the Tories, led by Lord Churchill, are apparently strongly opposed to such a course. The result is a conflict in which the Irish members exercise the powers of obstruction, in which they are so expert, and the cable reports of a recent session say, "No business was done, and the house was like a bear-garden."

A Brief Survey.

THE Maine election took place Sept. 13. Bodwell, the Republican candidate for governor, was elected by a majority of 10,000, and a plurality of 13,000. The Prohibition vote was about 3,800. All the Congressmen elected are Republicans, and the same party retains control of the Legislature, which is to choose a successor to U. S. Senator Eugene Hale. ——An excursion train collided with a freight train on the Nickel Plate Railroad near Silver Creek, N.Y., Sept. 14, killing thirteen and wounding twenty of the excursionists. The engineer of the passenger train is blamed for neglect of orders.——By the settling of an immense area of rock and coal, a shaft of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's coal-mine, near Scranton, Pa., was blocked Sept. 13, and seven miners were entombed. Fruitless attempts were made to rescue them.——G. S. Hubbard, one of the pioneers of Chicago, died Sept. 14. He built the first warehouse on the river, packed and shipped the first pork and beef, and established the first line of lake boats.——The first of the yacht races for the *America's* Cup was sailed in New York Harbor Sept. 7, the American sloop *Mayflower* defeating the British cutter *Galatea* by 12 minutes in a light wind. A fog and calm put an end to the second race Sept. 9, when the *Mayflower* was several miles ahead of her rival. The final race took place Sept. 11, and was won by the *Mayflower*, defeating the *Galatea* by 29 m. 8 s. The wind was light.——The U. S. Navy Department advertises proposals for the construction of the five new cruisers and gun-boats authorized by Congress; bids are also solicited for supplying the government with steel gun-forgings and armor-plates. ——Another earthquake shock was experienced at Charleston, S. C., Sept. 15, two weeks after the first shock. Gen. Fairchild, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has been examining the condition of Charleston, and has asked his comrades to contribute to the funds for relieving the earthquake sufferers. This action has elicited the warmest commendation from ex-Confederates in Charleston.

Prince Alexander, the ex-ruler of Bulgaria and Roumelia, has returned to his German home in Darmstadt. There seems to be no hope of his reinstatement. Turkey acquiesces in the deposition on condition that no foreign power shall take possession of Bulgaria. The Powers promise to be governed in the re-election of a new ruler by the Berlin Treaty. Among those mentioned are Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, and the Duke of Oldenburg, a Russian cavalry officer.——The yacht *Volta*, propelled by an electric motor, crossed the English Channel Sept. 13. She made the passage in four hours. The sea was calm and the movement of the machinery was unaccompanied by jar or noise.——Baron Rothschild says of the probability of a European war: "Peace is certain. Russia is too poor and Austria too weak to fight."——S. S. Cox, U. S. minister to Turkey, has sailed for home on leave of absence. It is supposed that he will run for Congress in a New York city district.——The English public is becoming excited over the discovery of frauds in the ordnance department of the British army.——The Scottish Protestant Alliance, having protested against the appointment of Matthews, a Roman Catholic, to a prominent place in the British cabinet, Lord Randolph Churchill has replied very plainly that the appointment was none of its business.

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—"Shall we ever find the happy medium?" inquires a writer. We shall not. They all look as though they had lost their last friend and never expected to get another.

—"Well, skipper, you warmed 'em nicely," said an enthusiastic yachtsman to one of the yellow-mustached crew of the *Mayflower* after the race.

"Sure," said the sailor. "Der British neffer vas no goot py ter Yankee sailors along-side, alretty."

—A Chicago Joke.—"Another brick building has fallen in St. Louis. The poor old town is crumbling away faster even than was anticipated. Who says we have no ruins in America?"

—Complimentary.—The New York "School Journal" says of a text-book in history: "There can be nothing in the way of its general adoption but a knowledge of its features."

—A wife should be like roast lamb—tender, sweet, nicely dressed, plenty of fixing, but without sauce.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

—"Will you please give me a dime?" said a tramp. "I'm blind."

"You can see out of one eye as well as I can," replied the gentleman importuned. "You are only half-blind."

"Then give me half a dime," said the tramp.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—On a First Glimpse of the Sea.—"Astonishing! Who would have thought there could be as much water as that?"

"True; and remember you only see what's on top."—*Tidbits.*

—Jones—"You haven't taken a vacation this summer."

Smith—"Yes, I have, my boy. I've had six weeks' rest."

Jones—"I can't see how you have. You haven't been out of town."

Smith—"No, but the girl who plays on the piano opposite to my house has been away on a six weeks' vacation."

—Miss Clara—"Do you not think, Mr. Featherly, that Miss Smith, whom we met last evening, is a very plain person?"

Mr. Featherly—"Yes, indeed, I think she is the homeliest girl I ever saw, present company, of course, always—ex—er—um—that is—yes, she is certainly a very plain person. Are you lawn-tennising any this season, Miss Clara?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Old gentleman—"Now, my children, I'll tell you what it is, if you make any more noise in front of my house I'll speak to that policeman."

Chorus of juveniles (much tickled)—"That policeman! Boo! We aint afeerd of 'im! Why, that's father!"

TEN TO SEVEN.

BY R. J. BURDETTE.

I met a little city boy
Returning from the field,
He bore a club beneath his arm
As big as he could wield.

His Waterbury watch and chain
With pride he did display,
"My little lad," said I, "I fain
Would know the time of day."

A smile lit up his merry face
As though 'twas born of heaven,
"I played," he cried, "on second base,
And it is ten to seven."

"Thy watch is wrong, my little man,
It is but half past two;
And since my time is right, how can
It be so late with you?"

Then did the little lad reply,
"We played the Reds of Devon,
At twelve fifteen the game was called,
It closed at ten to seven."

I smote him with my rattan cane,
This liar of eleven;
"The time?" I said. He howled with pain,
And answered, "Ten to seven."

Then I swept up the ground with him,
"Tell me the truth, by heaven!"
With feeble breath and eyes so dim,
He gassuped, "Ten to seven."

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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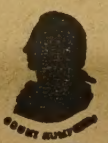

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